

Winning Shot by orphan_account

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Summary:

Steve and Billy only fuck when they win a basketball game, and Steve just made the winning shot.

Winning Shot

Steve needed to win this game. They were down by two points, one more shot would make it a tie, bringing them into overtime. He glanced at Billy Hargrove and felt his heartbeat speed up.

They had hit a dry spell, both in basketball and sexually. Billy only touched him when they won and fuck, Steve needed it bad. If they kept up their losing streak he'd end up ripping rubbing his own dick raw. And he'd much rather have Billy do that.

He checked the clock. 2 seconds left. Billy didn't look like he was gonna take the shot, which was a fair decision. He was practically beneath the other basket, it would've been a nearly impossible basket to make.

But Steve was a type of desperate he hadn't felt in a long time. He swiped the ball from Billy. Usually stealing from your own team was a shit idea, but this was different. Right before the buzzer went off, he threw the ball in the general direction of the basket as hard as he could.

The world slowed down. The only thing he could hear was his heavy breaths and heart pounding, Billy chewing him out was just muffled white noise.

The ball slipped through the hoop with a swish. A three point shot. They one by one point.

The crowd erupted, their teammates crowded Steve. A mass of sweaty bodies, screaming and jumping from pure adrenaline. Steve couldn't believe his fucking eyes. He barely moved, his body still frozen in that moment.

The locker room cleared out quicker than usual that night, everyone eager to join the parties that had no doubt already started. Less than half an hour after making the shot, Steve was alone in the locker room with Billy. Relief and excitement flooded through him.

Billy sat on the bench in front of him, eyed up Steve as he leaned

against his closed locker. "That was one hell of a shot, princess," he said.

It was the first thing Billy had said to him in almost a month. Steve just shrugged before bending down. Their lips crashed together, practically molding together. His hand fisted in Billy's shirt, the other holding onto his shoulder for balance.

He wasn't that surprised when he was pushed back, but he still let out a frustrated huff.

"I suppose you think you deserve a reward or something, huh?" Billy asked, his eyes sparkling teasingly.

"I do." Steve went in for another kiss, but Billy turned his head. His lips brushed against a stubbled cheek and he pulled back. "I made the winning shot!"

"And I made the rest of them. So I think I deserve something extra special."

"Billy-"

Steve cut himself off when Billy's hand cupped him through his basketball shorts. It had been so long, he was already hardening. Billy was grinning cruelly.

"How about you suck me off, yeah? And if you do a real good job then maybe I'll give you something nice as a reward."

"Fuck, that's, that's not fair," Steve whined. Billy's hand was moving slowly but firmly against him. His hips jerked of their own volition.

"Them's the rules, princess."

Billy was looking at him like he was prey. Steve was ready to be devoured, and knowing it wasn't coming ached. He sunk to his knees on the locker room floor and eased between Billy's spread thighs. A hand dragged through his hair, fisting in the locks at the back of his neck.

"That's a good boy. Yeah? You like to be a good boy?"

He forced Steve's head down, grinding up into his cheek through his shorts. Steve was trying to keep up, but ended up just mouthing at Billy as his head was pushed around.

Billy loved Steve's hair, loved that he could grab on with both hands and put Steve exactly where he needed him. It wasn't so long it got knotted in his fingers, just long enough to dig his nails into. And as much as Steve bitched about having his perfectly styled hair ruined, he gave the prettiest moans when Billy pulled too hard.

Steve's hands came up to ease Billy's shorts down. He took his sweet time, sucking lightly at the head. His hand held the base of Billy's cock steady as he gave soft ice cream cone licks to the opposite end. It was so sweet that Billy almost felt bad about yanking him down until he choked.

Steve sputtered. His hands pressed against Billy's knees and he pushed back. Billy was stronger though, holding him firmly in place. That didn't stop him from squirming, indignant sounds fighting for life around the dick shoved down his throat.

"Shhh, s'alright. You're doing just fine. Breathe through your nose." Billy couldn't help but smile as he watched Steve. He really was a princess, so scandalized by every little thing Billy did. A breathe of air danced over the top of Billy's cock beneath his nose. "There ya go, princess."

Steve glared up at him, but the viciousness was lost beneath those long lashes. He wriggled a little on his knees before starting to bob his head. Slowly at first, tentative. As his throat relaxed, his speed picked up.

His hips rolled into the open air, his sneakers squeaked against the tile. Billy's hand never left his hair, and he thought he might've cried if it had. His hands gripped tighter at those meaty thighs. With his free hand, Billy stroked his thumb across his cheekbone. Steve let out a lower groan at the tender motion.

The vibrations shook Billy all the way too his core. He thrust up, forcing Steve to choke and gag again. Tears were starting to prickle at the corners of those big brown eyes.

“Oh, ain’t you pretty? Gagging for it like a good little whore.”

Steve whimpered, his hips rocked further forward. With a gentle tilt of his head, Billy grinned down at him. He shifted his foot to press into Steve’s groin. When Steve moaned gratefully around his cock, Billy couldn’t stop his own from hitting the air.

He fucked up slowly but firmly into that warm soft mouth, his grip turning bruising. Steve’s hips started to stutter, his little whimpers raised in pitch. Billy took his foot away. The way that Steve visibly crumpled and whined loudly made him feel like a fucking king.

Back in California, he could’ve been fucking a different boy every night. The fact that there was even one for him in Hawkins came as a surprise. But honestly, Billy would’ve traded every single boy in Cali for one Steve Harrington.

It wasn’t a particularly skilled blowjob. Billy didn’t have to ask to know that Steve had never given one before they started hooking up. There were no tricks, no skill, sometimes there was a little too much teeth. But what Steve lacked in expertise he more than made up for in enthusiasm. Though he always started reluctant and fussy, less than a minute in he’d be just as hungry and desperate as any other slut.

Billy wrapped the fingers of his free hand in Steve’s hair as well. With three rough thrusts, he came without warning. Steve’s hands hit at his thighs frustratedly as he tried to pull back. Billy couldn’t help but laugh aloud at the way Steve wrinkled his nose and shook his head a little.

“That wasn’t so bad, huh, baby?” Billy asked. Steve slipped off the end of his cock, Billy ruffled his hair painfully. “C’mere, gimme a kiss.”

Steve’s shaking hands planted on the tops of his thighs to steady himself. His hand cupped the back of Billy’s neck. Blue eyes slipped shut as Steve pulled himself up, closing the distance between them.

A strange wetness hit Billy’s face. He jerked back, sputtering and scowling.

“What the...” He wiped his eyes clean and then blinked at his fingers. Shock and anger flooded through him. “Did you just...?”

Steve Harrington had spit a mouthful of his cum into his own face.

He blinked at Steve, who was frantically shoving his things into his backpack. By the time the shock wore off, Steve was scrambling out the door. Billy couldn't miss that smug grin on his face.

“You're gonna fucking get it, Harrington. Do you hear me? Get back here!” His words fell on deaf ears. “I'M GONNA MAKE YOU REGRET THAT!”

But Steve was already gone. Billy wiped his face clean and laughed a little under his breath. As pissed as he would, he had to give him points for bravery. And creativity, he guessed. It wasn't like anyone had ever done that before.

Regardless, he was absolutely going to ruin Steve for that. Which was too bad, because he'd really had a nice reward planned out.